election of Senator Henderson's successor and the candidacy of Mr. Drake's favorite, General Loan. We were all agreed in heartily disliking Mr. Drake's kind of statesmanship. We likewise agreed in disliking the prospect of seeing Mr. Drake duplicated in the Senate—indeed fully duplicated—by the election of Mr. Loan. But how prevent it? We all recognized, regretfully, the absolute impossibility of getting the Legislature to re-elect Mr. Henderson. But what other candidate was there to oppose to Mr. Loan? One of our table-round turned to me and said: "You!" The others instantly and warmly applauded. The thought that I, a comparatively new comer in Missouri, should be elected Senator in preference to others who had been among the leaders in the great crisis of the State only a few years ago, seemed to me extravagant, and I was by no means eager to expose myself to what I considered almost certain defeat. But my companions insisted, and I finally agreed that a " feeler " might be put out in the *Democrat,* the leading Republican journal in SL Louis, of which Colonel William M. Grosvenor, a member of our little table-company, was the editor in chief. The number of Republican papers in the State which responded approvingly was surprisingly large and I soon found myself in the situation of an acknowledged candidate for the senatorship "in the handa of his friends." It seemed that when "stumping" the

State in the last campaign I had won more favor with the country people than I myself was aware of. Still, my chances of success would have been slim, had not my principal adversary, Senator Drake, appeared in person upon the scene.

When he learned that my candidacy was developing strength, he hurried from Washington to Jefferson City, the State capital of Missouri, to throw the weight of his personal influence with the Legislature into the scale against me.